BEAUTIFUL BALLADS

BY

V. J. ENGLE

Published by BOLLMAN & SCHATZMAN St. Louis, Mo.

Dayton, O. FISCHER & BRO. G. ANDRE & CO. Philadelphia

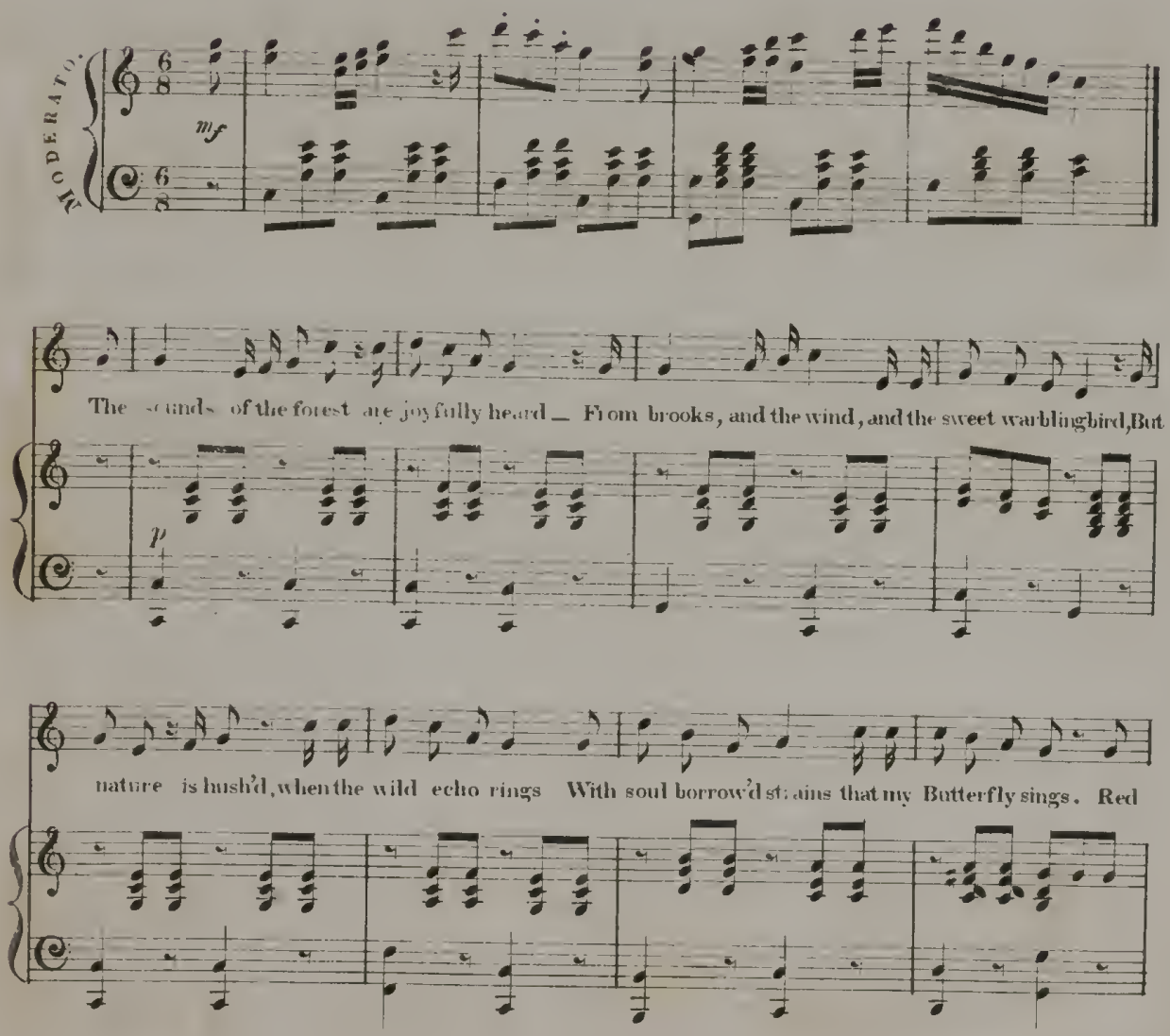
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS A.D. 1866 BY BOLLMAN & SCHATZMAN IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF MO.

To Miss Mary A. Leonard.

Quebec, Canada.

MARY MY BUTTERFLY.

Words by V. J. ENGLE. *Music by CHAS: BRUNNER.*



Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1867, by Bollman & Schatzman, in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District Court of Mo.

ro-ses, and lillies, the fairest on earth— All blushing with hues to which nature gave birth— Are

nev-er so bright when I see flitting by, Fair Ma-ry, my beauty, my sweet Butterfly.

CHORUS.

Sopr.o. O, Mary my Butterfly, pretty thou art When gathering flowers with fai-ry-like skips—You

Allo. O, Mary my Butterfly, pretty thou art When gathering flowers with fairy-like skips—You

Tenor. O, Mary my Butterfly, pretty thou art When gathering flowers with fairy-like skips—You

Bass. O, Mary my Butterfly, pretty thou art When gathering flowers with fairy-like skips—You

kiss off their blushes, you love from the heart, When sip-ping their honey to sweeten thy lips.

kiss off their blushes, you love from the heart, When sip-ping their honey to sweeten thy lips.

kiss off their blushes, you love from the heart, When sipping their honey to sweeten thy lips.

kiss off their blushes, you love from the heart, When sipping their honey to sweeten thy lips.

p *f* *mf*

2. When man is discourag'd, and wavers at last When trou - ble has fell'd him, and Fate holds him fast, O,

3. Should na - ture draw open those portals of blue, And car - ry my spi - rit up Homeward from you, Good

p

then will he battle, and rise in his pride, If one loving mortal is true at his side. For

friends would forget when they saw me no more; And dear ones would weep, but their grief is soon o'er. The

say what you will, 'tis a woman's good cheer That strengthens the soul when our trials we fear. She

flow - ers you doat on, would blossom and wave, And droop near the wil - low, to tell of my grave—Would

Chorus.

smiles from the heart, and her sigh is a sigh; For true to her nature is my Butterfly.

then you remember, with tears and a sigh, And kiss the love flowers for me, Butter - fly!